

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



I stood on de bridge at midnite an' de clox wuz fushin de hour an' de moon got scared an' hid hisself behind de dark church tower Mickey

UNDUN.—Wel, as I wuz sayin' before I spoke, d' Prints o' Walls invited us all t' go t' d' palls where he livs. Did we go? Wel, say, ye cudn't 'a kept us away. o we had a hot time an' d' coon won all d' Prints's munny wid playin' krap.

Dis travvlin' life agreez wid me. I'm gettin' fat. W'en I gets me growth I gess I'll be a drummer, den I c'n die travvlin'. But wot's dat got t' do wid d' Prints an' d' palls, nuthin' at all. It's only me views on d' subjeck. Wel ennyway we went to d' palls.

hello sed d' Queen I'm orful glad ye came but ye'll hav t' excuse d' looks o' tings. we're house-cleanin' an' ye no wot dat means. O yes sed Liz we poor wimmen hav our dummeestick trubblis. Where's Al I sed. o he's went on an errand sed d' Queen he'll be back rite away. Pritty soon Al turns up, hello boys he sed to d' gang an' den he guv de old lady a peece o' cloth. Ma he sed I tride everyware but I cudn't match it.

Queen I sed I'm gettin' hungry, aint d' grub redy yet. Shure Mike she sed, cum along an' fetch d' gang wid ye. So we all skipped into d' eatin'-room in d' palls. Say d' way dem rooms is fixt up beets d' band. Dey look jest like d' sho winders in d' furnitche stores on d' Bowry but I don't t'ink d' Queen bought 'em on de installmng plan 'cause dere wuz no tags on d' karpel. Liz sez she looked.

Al I sed ye're livin' in grate stile. D' Prints

laffed jently an' sed wot's mine is yours, all rite Prints sez I jest send dis karpel an' sum o' dem chairs over to me flat. Dere wuz wun mug dere all drest up fit t' kill wot gave me d' marbil stair. Al I sed is dat guy yer prime minnister 'r izzy only de Dook uv Pikkadilly o no sed Al he's d' butler.

So I sashayed over t' de mug an' sed 'r you d' butler, yessir he sed respectful givin' me d' re-frijerater glair. Ye don't say, I sed. Say ye'd orter seen 'is face. Den I giv 'im anudder roast. If you ever wants t' join d' force in Noo Yaurk I sed I'll give ye d' bennyfit uv me infloence. I no a corner wot wud jest soot you.

Den we all set down an' et. o wot a feest it wuz. I caut Hoolihan puttin' sum puddin' an' cakes in his pokkits wot I made up my mind t' swipe w'en we got back to d' hotel. Mickey sed Liz in a lo wisper aint dis gaurjus, yes luv I sed it beets Beefstake Johns out o' site. We all drunk wine an' made speeches.

Ladys an' jents sed d' Prints w'en he began t' feel good. I get up on me feet t' propoze a toast to d' Yeller Kid an' his frends. Dey're d' gratest. people wot ever cum down d' plike. If we had de Yeller Kid's face an' de kast iron nurve uv sum o' his frends we cud drop d' hole brittish navy an' tell de

army t' go chase itself. Easy, I sed. Don't be ruff on yer frends, Al. Mickey sed d' Prints if me mudder wud let me I'd giv ye d' biggest sparkler in me krown. Woddy ye say, ma?

But d' Queen neerly had a fit. Don'te dare, she sed, wot'll yer constituents t'ink? Yer mudder's rite, Al, I sed. Hold fast t' d' krown jools an' if de wolst cums t' de wolst an' ye've got t' hock 'em, take good care o' d' tikkit.

Den d' Queen got on 'er pins an' maid a few brief remarks. Deer frends she sed I'm so glad dat we're all assembled rite here. So am I sed d' nigger tryin' t' ballnce a mints pie on his nose. Let d' lady tauk sed Liz an' she flung a empty bottl at d' coon's hed.

yes kind frends sed d' Queen yure presints makes me feel dat t'ings is gaw'n t' be o. k. between yure country an' my country. Dat's rite Queeny ole goll, I sed, you c'n gambi on dat. I'm sorry I can't giv ye a better spred she sed, but d' cook went on a strike dis mornin' an' I had t' take a hand in d' gaim meself. But next week if ye'll all cum up to me cassil Balmoral wot's in Skotland I'll giv ye sum sport wot'll nock ye silly.

Will we cum o Queen you just betcher life we will!

Den dey all cauled on me fer a toast an' say, ye'd orter seen me blush.

I aint much uv an orrator I sed an' I can't make a speech. Dat's rite sed Hoolihan. (o wate till I get him outside) but I'll do d' best I can. Den I filled me glass wid shampain an' sed t' d' Queen,

Vicky, ole goll, I sed, here's lookin' at ye. May ye never get bauld an' may ye live t' rane over Ingland till everybody in Ireland is happy. Mickey sez d' Queen ye're a peetch.

Al I sed to d' Prints, here's winkin' at ye! May ye soon be d' rooler o' dis glaurious nation an' w'en ye gets t' be d' king uv Ingland here's hopin' dat ye wont go back on yer frends wot stuck to ye w'en ye wuz only d' Prints o' Walls. Mickey sed d' Prints, shake. Dem sentiments brings teers to me eyes.

Den we all joined hands an' sung he's a jolly good feller witch nobody can deny. De Prints an' me sung faulsetto wile Liz neerly struck high Q. Den d' butler wid de below zero eye hands d' Queen a kard wel if dis aint a luvly supprise she sed. Mickey yer frends d' dook an' duchess o' Marlburrow has jest dropt in.

Sho 'em up I sed to d' butler 'cause dey're me ole colly chums. Wel wel wel I sed if dis aint me ole frend d' dook I'll eat me hat, dooky ole sport, how are ye? Slick as molasses sed d' dook. Den a pare uv luvly arms wuz t'rown around me neck an' who d'ye t'ink it wuz but d' duchess me ole frend Conny Vanderbilk. Conny I sed I'm parrilized wid joy gimmy a kiss. o ye'd orter seen d' face on Liz, say dat goll's jellusy is d' blite o' my yung life.

Wel we got kinder lively den an' d' Prints lent me one o' his krowns an' we had a corkin' good time. Where's Slippy Dempsy asked d' dook o' Marlburrow I don't see him no yer grase I sed Slippy is gettin' prowd. He's went off t' see d' sites by his lonesum. Jest den d' butler wid de skatin'-rink eyes guv d' Queen a tellygram. Mercy she yelled, Slippy Dempsy has fell off d' Tower o' Lundun. He must be kilt. not on yer life Vick I sed. Slippy has fell before. An' shure enuff who cums walkin' in jist den but Slippy hisself wistling d' Sidewalks o' Noo Yaurk.

Wel say it wuz time t' get out o' bed w'en dat rakkit bust up but we had an ellagint time. Queen I sed as we shook hands, if ye ever cum t' Noo Yaurk let me no. De flat wot I livs in aint as tony as dis, but say Queen, I'll steer ye up aggenst d' hottest game wot ye ever dreamed uv.

Don't forget Balmoral next week sed d' Queen. Not on yer tin-type I replide.

RUDOLPH BLOCK.



MICKEY AND HIS FRIENDS HOBNOB WITH ROYALTY.